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June 13, 2001

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I was born in Vienna, Austria, on August 31, 1918. At the time of the Anschluss in March 1938 I was a student at the College for World Trade. Although I actually was approved to continue my studies, I found it impossible to do so because I was no longer part of the student body. I became a complete outsider./

In May 1938 it started that Jewish men between the ages of 18 to 60 were picked up at random and sent to the Dacau concentration camp.. At that time women were not taken and that put my mother and sisters out of danger. Also my father was alrady 63 years old. I was the only one in my family at risk. In August 1938, a cousin who lived with his parents in Trnava in Slovakia, enabled me to join his family and this seemed a good solution at that time. However soon thereafter the antisemitic government of Tiso came to power. One of the first acts of the new government was to pick up all refugees and send them back to Germany. On October 14, 1938 two policemen came and picked me up. My aunt was shocked. She gave me a big cake along and put it into a bag. This became a big help to mne the next day. I spent the night in a jail of Bratislava. On the next day at about 5 c'clock in the afternoon two policemen took me to the bridge which connected Germany from Slovakia. I think that actually somebody tried to help me because this was just the time of the day when people returned from work over that bridge and I with the big cake of my aunt under my arm, got lost among the cowd. Yet while I was crossing the bridge all kind of thoughts came to my mind. Would it not be best for me to jump into the Danube? Yet before I could determine the details of such a move, I was aLREADY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE BACK IN Germany.

I do not remember all the details of that day.. All I know is that that there was an electric train going frorrm Bratislava to Vienna AND I got on the train which was just ready to depart. Nobody checked for tickets and I was back on my way to Vienna. Now my main concern was not to shock my parents who thought that I was in Slovakia. So I made up my mind to go instead to my uncle who lived in the second district of Vienna. Most Jews lived in that district..While walking there I heard talk about some Jewish prayer houses which were put on fire. This was three weeks before the Chrystal Night when all synagogues were burned with the only exception of the Seitenstaetten Tempel in the first district. The foreign

diplomats lived in the first district and the Nazis did not want to show them their true face.. Jewish men were rounded up and sent to the Dachau XXXXXXX concentration camp. Somehow my father and I were spared. But from that moment on I waS FRIGHTENED. When our doorbell rang, my mother made me disappear in the bathroom. Only after she found out that an uncle or an aunt came, she told me to come out from the bathroom. My faTHER WROTE LETTERS TO RELATIVES IN America, begging them to enable me to emigrate, and they listened to my father. Since none of them was financially strong enough to send me an individual affidavit, four of them got together and saved me from the feared Dachau contrentration camp..

In the afternoon of July 14, 1939 I waS AT THE American Cosulate in Vienna and passed the physical examination. Later I found out that on the same day in the morning one man did not pass the physical examination. On the very same day that man committed suicide.

I left Vienna on July 25, 1939. This was Tisha be Av in that year. My parents accompanied me to the train station where my mother was unable to say even one word while she broke out into tears. My father struggled and could say two words. These two words were "Bleib gesund!" The English translation of these two words is "Stay healthy !

When the train passed from Germany into Switzerland,the German conductor was replaced by a Swiss man. I still remember him with his turned up mustage He made fun about Hitler. Then I knew that I was a free maan and did not have to worry any more about being taken to the concentraTION CAMP IN Dachau.

One of my sisters left for England while I was in Slovakia with my relaTIVES. . After the war I could bring her to the Unitesd States. The other sister stayed with my parents in Vienna until theyall were deported to Lodz in Poland. My father died in the Lodz Ghetto on June 11, 1942. My mother and sister Grete survived my fathher by three months when they both were sent to the Chelmio extermination camp on September 14 and obviously were put to death in the gas chamber . I found out about my father'd death 30 years later. It took me 57 years to learn when my mother and sister Grete perished.

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